

Law Cards.

RICHARDSON & TIPTON,
Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Prompt and careful attention given to all business placed in their hands.

H. S. RUCKER,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. L. VAN SICKLER,
Attorney-at-Law
LEWISBURG, W. VA.
Practices in Greenbrier and adjoining counties.

F. RAYMOND HILL,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public
ACADEMY, W. VA.
Will practice in all the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and Supreme Court of Appeals.

N. C. McNEIL,
Attorney-at-Law
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

ANDREW PRICE,
Attorney
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Practice in Pocahontas and adjoining counties. Prompt and careful attention given to all legal work.

H. M. LOCKRIDGE,
Attorney-at-Law
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.
Prompt and careful attention given to all legal work.

JOHN A. PRESTON, FRED WALLACE, PRESTON & WALLACE
Attorneys-at-Law
LEWISBURG, W. VA.
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and adjoining counties, and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

J. W. YEAGER,
Attorney-at-Law
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Prompt attention given to collections.

T. S. McNEEL,
Attorney-at-Law
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

W. A. BRATTON,
Attorney-at-Law
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

Physicians Cards.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Office and residence opposite the Marlinton Hotel. All calls answered promptly.

L. J. MARSHALL, M. D.
Physician and surgeon
MARLINTON, W. VA.
All calls promptly answered. Office over Marlinton Drug Store.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
Dentist
MORTTERRY, VA.
Will visit Pocahontas county at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. M. STOUT,
DENTIST
Has located and is ready for business in the Bank of Marlinton building, Marlinton, W. Va.

HENRY A. SLAVEN,
Practical Land Surveyor
Meadow Dale, Virginia.
Maps and Blue Prints a specialty. Work in Pocahontas County solicited.

A WOMAN EDUCATOR

The Remarkable Mrs. Mary Baskerville of the Old Ann Smith Academy

The "Came South from New York State as a Teacher. Would "Do" Her Cultivators for Recreation.

The lady of whom I write is a living, and consequently I can write with freedom. I shall use real names and speak of this lady who was my friend and with whom I was associated in work for a time, in the highest terms, for truly she was worthy of praise. Her married name was Baskerville and under such name I knew her personally, for we were not acquainted before her marriage. In private and familiar intercourse, Mrs. Baskerville often reverted to the early part of her life, and I was an attentive and interested listener. It may be the more so, as the scene of Mrs. Baskerville's tender youth were the same that surrounded my own mother, strange to say.

What peculiar surprises meet us some times in this life when people are thrown about and encounter mutual ties least expected.

The beautiful, thriving village of Schaghticoke (Indian name pronounced by the Indians, Schah-wick-toke) divided by the river Housick and 12 miles north of the city of Troy, N. Y., also 30 miles south of Saratoga Springs, was the early home of my mother, and I was born there. And Mary Williams (Mrs. Baskerville) was raised a few miles out of the village, and nearly all the people of that day in that settlement attended worship in the village, coming from miles around.

As a very little child, I recall sitting in the old building, and once especially when I felt frightened as my mother left my side and moved to where the communicants were sitting. I had been quiet before, but I felt the great hush my young spirit knew. I think it helped to deepen my reverence for the solemn rite of the Lord's Supper. By the time I was grown, and revisited my grand-parents at Schaghticoke, a very handsome church building had succeeded the old one of my childhood. But to return to the history.

Mary Williams was a bright, intellectual child, the only daughter, and judging from her after appearance, must always have been particularly sweet and lovely to look upon. She attended the schools that a village furnished, and made rapid progress in knowledge; in fact Mary Williams must have been quite a prodigy for learning, and along with great amiability and softness of spirit showed early a strength of character and high purpose of life. At twelve years of age she passed creditably the strict examination of the District School Directors, and was declared competent to teach the regular school, composed as it was mostly of boys much larger and older than herself; for little girls then generally attended smaller schools taught by maiden ladies. Mrs. Baskerville has told me how excellently and respectfully these big boys behaved and received the instructions she was fully capable of giving, as they should do. I am inclined to think that the dignity of rightful office was more generally observed then and there than is often the case in other places and at a later day.

It was the custom for public-school teachers (or district, according to the time I write of) to "board around" among the people connected with the school. And Mary Williams "boarded around." She was but a child in years, but being the "school-ma'm" must be thus treated; and the "spare chamber" with its immensely high bed and tall posters, was ever set apart for her use; said chamber situated in an upper and remote part of the farm-house or village domicile, was a lonely place of sleeping for a child, and Mrs. Baskerville has told me how frightened she often felt in those large rooms, immaculate for neatness, severely simple in furniture, and so quiet in the long, dark watches of the night. All the ghost stories she had ever read seemed to be re-enacted for her youthful imagination, and she was glad when summoned to breakfast and started on the road for her daily toil.

After a few years, having made her own money, she was enabled to carry out the fond desire, cherished long, of going to a young ladies classical seminary, and the one chosen was at Castleton, Vt. How much Mary Williams did enjoy this: now thrown with girls of her own age and pursuing advanced studies, her mind was finely developed. Mathematics suited her; long after, when sorrows and too heavy burdens fell on her, when over-pressed and often greatly perplexed, the mind wearied with questions of domestic nature, I have known Mrs. Baskerville choose from the books a most abstract proposition of mathematical kind to study, work and solve. "Just to rest my mind, Miss A." she would say to me most pleasantly, and I would laugh, for having

WOODS AND WATER

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Your Soul Good to Read This

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While a young lady, Miss Williams accepted a position as governess teacher in a wealthy Southern family of North Carolina. Mr. G. D. Baskerville was both a lawyer and a planter, a very noble gentleman and a Virginian of what is some times termed the old school. The term sounds invidious, and I do not like it. There are as fine men now as then, and if slavery helped to form the "old school," that it should be forever abolished is a most excellent and desirable thing. If Mr. Baskerville's first husband, a Quaker, was a Quaker, his widow in later days would have known more comfort and repose. Mary Baskerville, who was the second wife, had one child, Mr. Baskerville, thirteen, and this daughter was named Octavia. After Mr. Baskerville's death, and during the Civil War, Mrs. Baskerville took charge of the Ann Smith Academy for girls at Lexington, Va., and it was there that she and I were cast together. I helped in the school and lived in the family, composed of the aged Mrs. Williams, (Mrs. Baskerville's mother), and Octa, as the one child of Mrs. Baskerville was familiarly called, besides the girls who boarded at the Academy. Among these were two so well beloved by Mrs. Baskerville; I refer to Mrs. Mary Gatewood, of this county, and her lamented sister Mrs. Lilla Frazier. Mrs. Baskerville was too wise and just to show preference among her pupils, but I knew that Mary and Lilla Warwick were indeed her favorites; they were so kindly affectionate to her, and Mrs. Baskerville needed and truly lived on affection and sympathy. The public life that she was forced into by circumstances did not suit her quiet, shrinking spirit, but bravely did she do her part, such was her sense of honor, and yet more, so true and deep was her Christian faith.

From Lexington Mrs. Baskerville went to Richmond, Va. where she conducted a young ladies seminary. Her daughter Octavia then grown and preparing for the similar vocation of teacher. At Holly Springs, Mrs. Baskerville became the ardent friend of Rev. Newton Craig's family, Mr. Craig being the Presbyterian minister there, and resided under his roof. The lamented Secretary of Home Missions, who fell literally "in harness" at his work during a meeting of Synod, was then preaching, as I said, at Holly Springs. He has told me of Mrs. Baskerville, and spoke in the highest terms of her Christian character and superior abilities. Her health, never very strong, sensibly failed at the far South, and returning to Richmond, Va., declined still lower, and finally the candle of life flickered in the socket, and went out. Gently she died; the remarkable woman, the good woman, one of whom I ever think as a sweet woman. Of change and sorrow she had known her share, and but for leaving her only and loving child Octavia, death had really no sting. In the wise providence of God not many years rolled past, just a few, and the daughter followed her mother into the land of rest and glory.

PINK LEMONADE AND PEANUTS

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ON TO CRAFTON

The First Incident of the Civil War.

4th. Installation of Henry of Osborne Wilson, of Maryland. Va. Story of a Young Confederate Volunteer.

Go on parade about 6 p. m. Danville Artillery comes while on parade, line-looking, gray uniformed set of men.

Monday, June 17, 1861.—Get up and go on parade just after daylight. Roll is called. Drill under Sargt. Rider. Firing of guns is heard toward Phillip. The men, supposing the enemy are near, get excited and prepare for battle.

Tuesday, June 18, 1861.—Go on parade at day-break. Go on drill at 1 p. m. under Captain David Anderson. All the squad like his drilling. Go to guard house to see prisoners who were taken during the day; one is a U. S. volunteer who was captured as a spy. We are waked up at midnight and told to be in readiness to meet the enemy. Put our baggage on wagons, etc.

Wednesday, June 19, 1861.—The enemy's scouts, about 40, fired at our scouts, about 10, and the Bath Cavalry returned the fire. From the groans in their ranks, suppose the fire took effect. They supposed them to be the advance guard of the enemy, and came back to camp to give the alarm. Our men quickly go forward and take position on the hills in our front. Our company took position in front of the Danville Artillery to keep the enemy from capturing the cannon. We remain till sun-up, and then come to camp for breakfast. Come to shade-tree and take these notes. Two gentlemen from Phillip tell me that 300 of the enemy were killed after the battle. They fired and killed themselves.

Thursday, June 20, 1861.—Drill at 10 a. m. under Sargt. Rider. Drill again at 1 p. m. under Rider. Have roll call at 9 p. m., and go to bed.

Friday, June 21, 1861.—Company up before daylight, and roll call by candle light. Am on guard most all day. Hear thunderstorm during night. Lieut. Meyer's tent blows down and guns all get wet.

Saturday, June 22, 1861.—Fifty of Captain Hull's company volunteer to remove blockade from the road, we know no where now. Get breakfast and prepare to march on our expedition. We are guided through blockade through thick woods by one of the Bath company. We get to the place and find some very large trees across the road. Get to work in earnest and soon remove them. Day has been very hot.

Sunday, June 23, 1861.—Georgia 12th Regiment comes in. Small, but fine looking men. Look at them awhile, and then go to preaching. Have drill.

Monday, June 24, 1861.—Nothing of special interest has passed during the day. An enemy, it is said, passed a sentinel last night.

Tuesday, June 25, 1861.—Fall into line of roll call. Drill at 11.30.

Wednesday, June 26, 1861.—Rains very hard before and after breakfast. Drill as soon as rain is over. Adj. G. requires 28 of us to go on special duty. Men are drawn according to the size of the company from every one of Col. Jackson's regiment. We come to quarters and bid goodbye, and then march on our expedition. We go north of camp to where we removed the blockade the other day, and four or five miles further. Mr. Barrow told me this evening that the enemy at Phillip have his ladies under guard, and are going to take the Misses McGuffin. The Republicans are putting into execution their boast that they would "take beauty and booty." Would to God we had force enough to exterminate them.

Thursday, June 27, 1861.—Drill at 10.30, under Sargt. Rider; again at 4.30 under Frank Patterson. Go on parade at 6 p. m.

Friday, June 28, 1861.—Go into line for roll call at 4 a. m. I finish request for E.; gives it to Lieut. Myers for approval, and take it to Colonel Jackson. Get his approval, and then go to general quarters for furlough.

Saturday, June 29, 1861.—Fifty of our company are detailed for some duty, the privates know not what. They are to go at 7 a. m., and we get an early breakfast. Go on drill at 7 a. m., under Orderly Patterson. A rumor is going the rounds amongst the privates that the enemy at Phillip have sent a flag of truce into our camp. It is generally believed. Another is that the General at Phillip has sent us word that we must evacuate Laurel Hill in eight days. From movements and indications among officers and privates the latter may be true report. Report says the strength of the enemy at Phillip is 15,000. The sick of the Georgia Regiment, who remained in Staunton, came in yesterday, in Highland wagons. Hear several musket reports during night. Am put to my post at dead white oak at 10 p. m., the same that I stood at one day last week.

that some of the men camped on Rich Mountain. Colonel Heck's command surprised, routed and took the baggage and provisions of 400 of the enemy at Buchanan recently. The Randolph Co. of Volunteers have moved down off the mountain near my post and pitched their tents, which they got yesterday. Nearly all the companies have tents now, but ours. General Garnett went to Beverly this morning. Nearly all my company gone out on scout.

Monday, July 1, 1861.—No roll call, because so many men on picket. All the company put on guard by Lieut. Myers. Am put on post at 11.30 p. m.

Tuesday, July 2, 1861.—See a large camp tonight in the N. W. See a person from Phillip who says there are about 5000 there. Roll call at 4 a. m. Drill at 7 under Sargt. Rider; again at 10.30 to 11.30; and again under Major Boykin.

Wednesday, July 3, 1861.—Drill under a little cadet, who compliments our company very highly. All like him.

Thursday, July 4, 1861.—Forty-two reports of cannon were heard early this morning in the direction of Phillip; supposed to be to celebrate the day of our Independence. None were heard in our camp.

Friday, July 5, 1861.—Outscouts were fired on by the enemy, and one U. S. horse taken. No one hurt on our side. The Georgia regiment went for forage and took a cannon with them.

Saturday, July 6, 1861.—Two eastern cavalry companies came in today, well armed and equipped.

Sunday, July 7, 1861.—A sentinel, one of the Lewis Rifles, was fired on by two of the enemy, supposed to be Union men of this neighborhood. Go on drill under Cam. Gatewood. Hear report that the enemy are advancing but don't credit it. Soon hear reports of the muskets, which confirms it. March back to quarters and await orders to take our position. Firing continues, and Georgia regiment is fighting them on the road to Belington, about two-thirds of a mile from camp. We pack our provisions and baggage. Having got ten arms we take position in a trench about two hundred yards in rear of camp and on the left of the road, to keep the enemy from attacking our left flank—a very important position. Ten of the men from the right, and ten from the left of the company are detailed as scouts on the right and left. Firing between the contending forces continues. Heavy firing is heard about midnight in every direction, but mostly near Belington, where the battle is hot.

Monday, July 8, 1861.—After part of night passes very slowly, and firing almost ceases. Officers have their hands full keeping men awake. Firing commences about daylight in direction of Belington. The enemy are expected to advance on us, but have not come yet, hear that our drummer was killed. Only three or four of our men killed, if reports are true. Hear that cannon were taken down to demolish Mr. Elliott's house, in which some of the enemy have posted themselves, and from which they can not be routed with muskets. The firing increases, but not so rapid as it sometimes is during the engagement. Our forces repulsed the enemy yesterday, but they seem detrimed to hold Belington.

Mrs. Clark Kellison
May 22, 1902, Mrs. Catherine Kellison, wife of Clark Kellison, died at her home on Dry Branch of Swago, aged 54 years. Mrs. Kellison was a very worthy person, a lineal descendant by the third remove of Moses Moore, one of the noted pioneers of our county. She was a professor of religion from childhood and a fervent consistent member of the M. E. Church for forty or more years. For a number of years she has been a great sufferer, all which she endured with becoming resignation to the divine will—become.

Divine Will. Quite recently she consented to a critical surgical operation, and for a time it seemed she was in a hopeful way to recovery, but it pleased the Heavenly Father to will it otherwise and she went hence, to be no more with husband children and friends. It will long be remembered as a grief giving day when this good woman was borne to her grave in the Clenden burying ground there to wait the everlasting morn. The writer and very many others feel that they have been bereaved of a faithful and very helpful friend, and would keep her name in lasting remembrance, and embalm her memory with all their hearts can give, their praises and their tears.

We people of Scotch Irish descent are fond of big words. A story is still told of one of our county men who had a sick child some 20 years ago. When asked what was the matter with the boy he delivered himself thus: "The doctor said it was not an epileptic but that it approximated nigh on to a paroxysm."

The Pocahontas County Musical Association will be held at Dunmore, commencing June 12, at 8 o'clock p. m., and continue two days. All music leaders and teachers expected to attend.

S. B. MOORE, President,